

# SMASH

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DECEMBER  
No. 56

## COMICS

It's no JOKE when  
**MIDNIGHT**  
and his PALS  
meet The  
**LAUGHING  
KILLER!**





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



"Make Me Prove . . .  
**I CAN MAKE YOU**  
**COMMANDO**  
**-TOUGH**  
 inside and out . . . in double quick time  
 —OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"  
 says *George F. Jowett*  
 whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking Japs and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. **MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.**

### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

### READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this **FREE** gift book of **PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.**

**FREE!**



## BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
 NOW in **BOOK FORM**  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
 or **ALL 5 for \$1**

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only **ONE DOLLAR**—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within **ONE WEEK**, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once you receive a **FREE** copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
 230 Fifth Ave., Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director of YMCA Atlantic City.



### FREE GIFT COUPON!

George F. Jowett  
 Champion of Champions

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
 230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 5812 New York 1, N. Y.  
 George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose ( ). Include **FREE** book of **PHOTOS**.

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|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for . . . \$1   | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding Mighty Legs 25c    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Arm 25c  | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Grip 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Back 25c   | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. |   |

NAME . . . . . Age . . . . .  
 Please Print Plainly

ADDRESS . . . . .



The  
LAUGHING KILLER  
LED MIDNIGHT AND  
HIS PALS A MERRY CHASE!  
HE HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR  
THAT WOULD KILL YOU! --

HE SLAYED 'EM  
WITH HIS UPROARIOUS  
LAUGHTER!

READ HOW  
MIDNIGHT  
BECAME THE PRANKSTER  
AND CAUSED THE  
KILLER TO DIE  
LAUGHING!





Night...and a peaceful city sleeps...



Until suddenly a chilling sound breaks the silence!!



EEEEEEEEK!  
A MAN -- ALL BLOODY!!

AGH-H!  
I'LL PHONE THE POLICE!!!

Next Morning...



EXTRA!  
LAUGHING KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!!

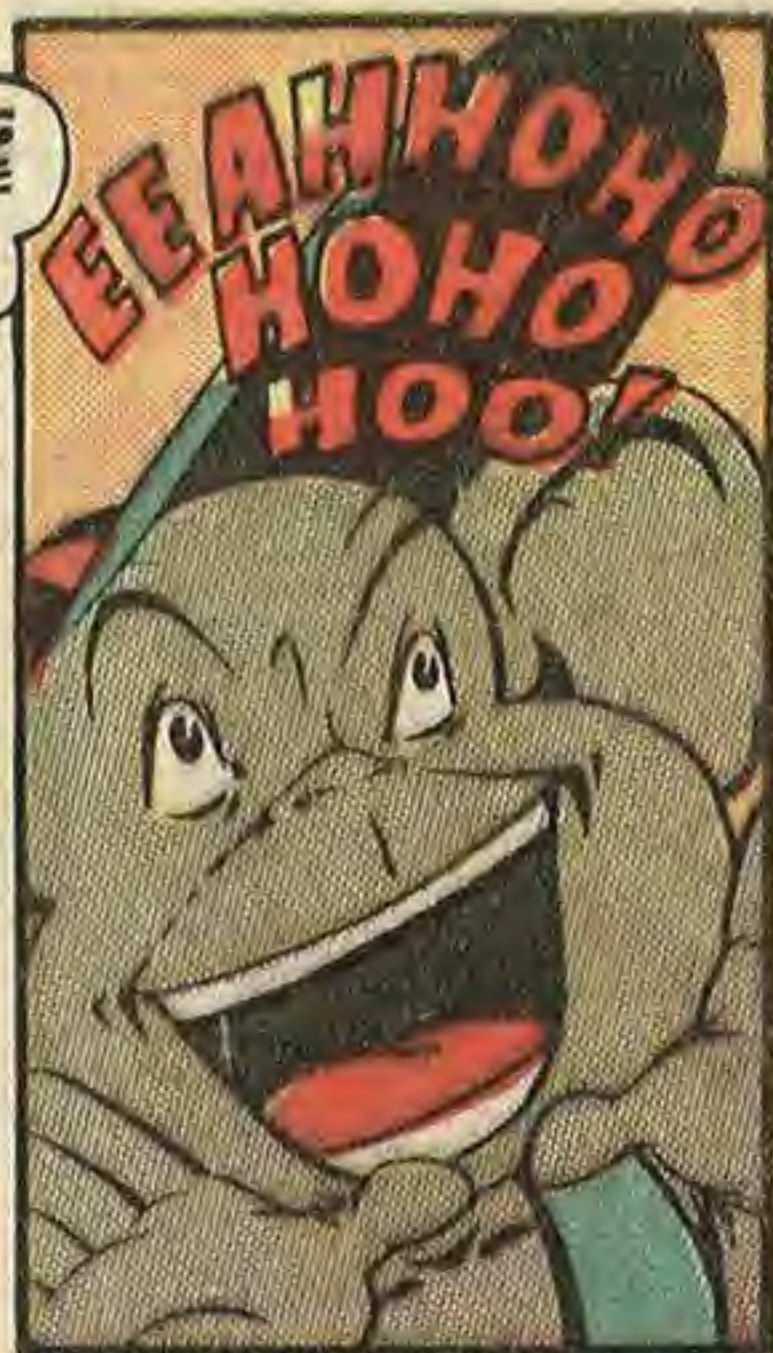
Same macabre laughter leads to discovery of seventh victim!... Rewards doubled! Police promise early arrest!

THAT'S A LOTTA BUNK! THE COPS HAVEN'T A GHOST OF AN IDEA WHO THE LAUGHING KILLER IS -- OR WHY HE KILLS!

IF THAT REWARD GETS HIGH ENOUGH, I MAY DECIDE TO NAB HIM MYSELF!









That night, at Dave Clark's broadcast...



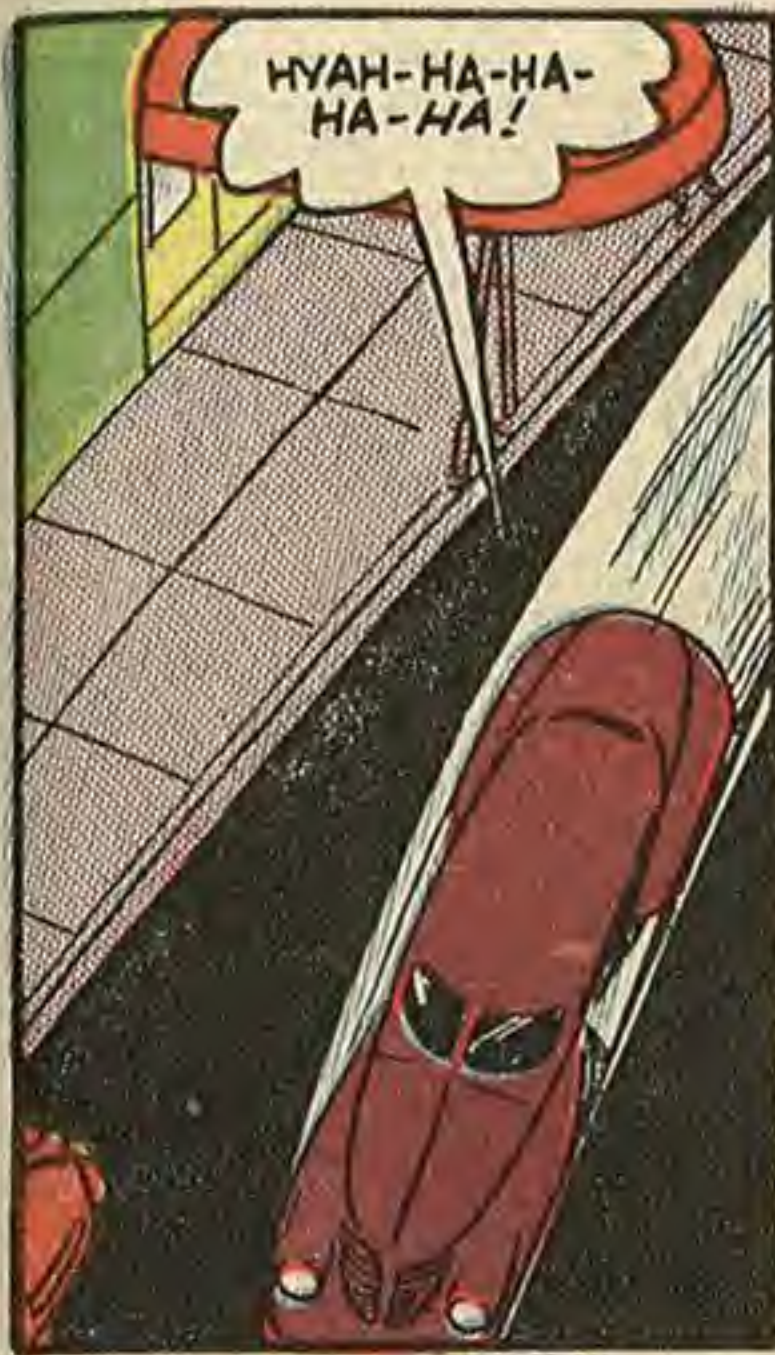
















WHERE IS HE, MIDNIGHT? ARE WE TOO LATE FER THE FIGHT?

DID YUH MURDER THE BUM? WHERE'S THE BODY?

STILL RUNNING!



HE PULLED A FAST ONE AND GOT AWAY CLEAN!

SHEER INEFFICIENCY, I CALL IT! NOW IF I'D HAD MY MITTS ON HIM...



WELL, AT LEAST WE GOT HIS CAR! NOT A BAD BUGGY, EITHER! NOW IF HE LEFT HIS GAS BOOK IN IT, WE COULD---

HEY, YOU--!!



WE JUST GOT A REPORT THIS CAR WAS SWIPED! YOU GOT A NERVE! HEY! ---IT'S MIDNIGHT!!

WELL, FER ---!! A GUY JUST PHONED IN, LAUGHIN' FIT TO KILL, AN' SAID THIS CAR'D BEEN STOLEN!



WHAT IS IT--A GAG OR SUMPIN'?

THAT'S IT, BOYS! YOU CAN HAVE IT!

THE NERVE OF THAT LAUGHING KILLER GUY!!



DISGRACEFUL, I CALLS IT! YOU GUYS RAZZ A DETECTIVE LIKE ME--YET MIDNIGHT LETS A TIN-HORN RAT MAKE A SAP OUTA HIM!

SHADDAP!



JUST REMEMBER THIS THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, SNIFFER SNOOP! YOU WERE AROUND THE NIGHT MIDNIGHT REALLY LOST HIS TEMPER!

YIPPEE! THAT'S TELLIN' 'IM!

I'M GOING TO NAIL THAT GIGGLING GHOUL--AND NOW I KNOW HOW TO DO IT! COME ON!





# SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS

PROMPTLY  
AT ELEVEN  
O'CLOCK...



Suddenly....



WHAT  
THE--??

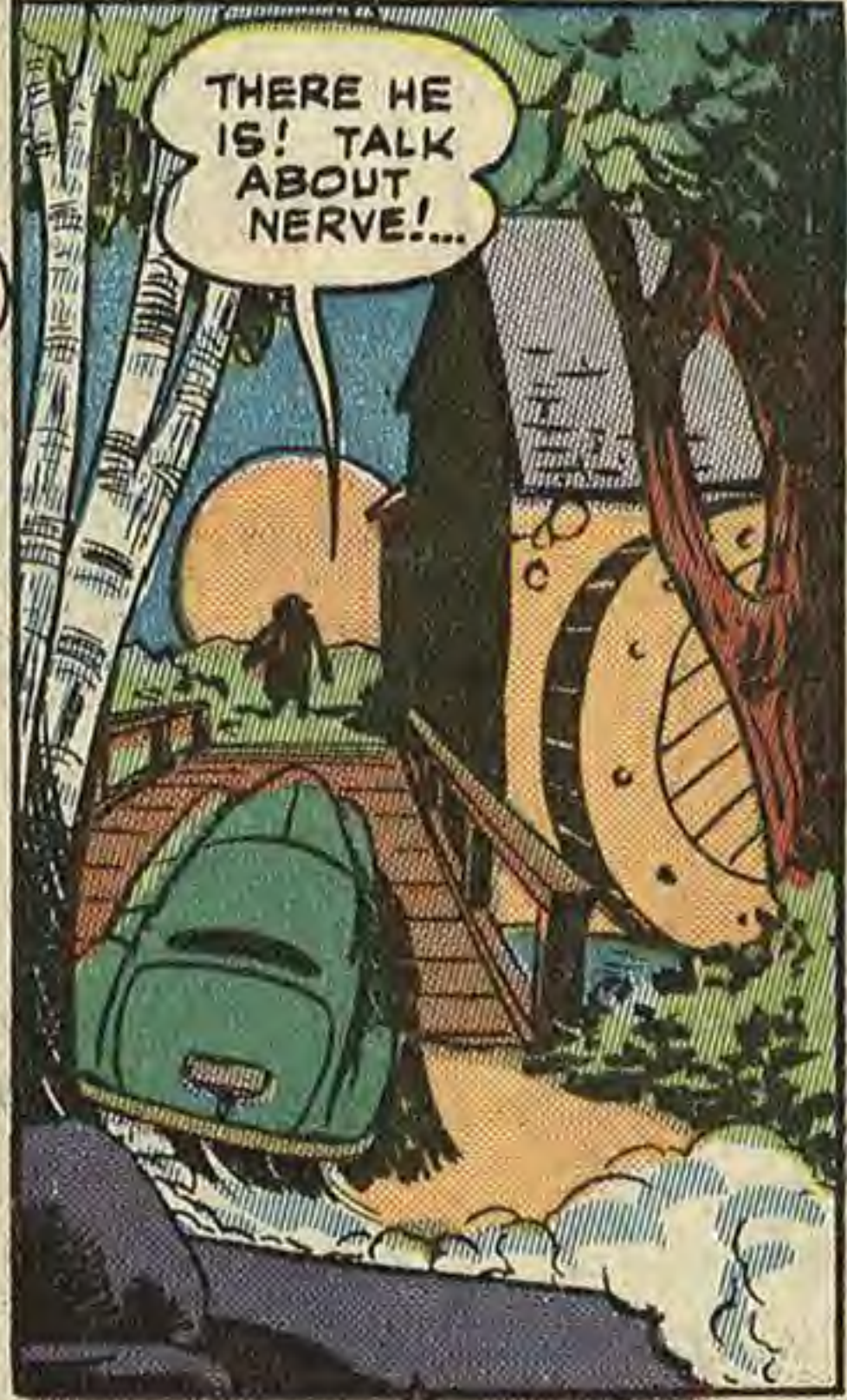
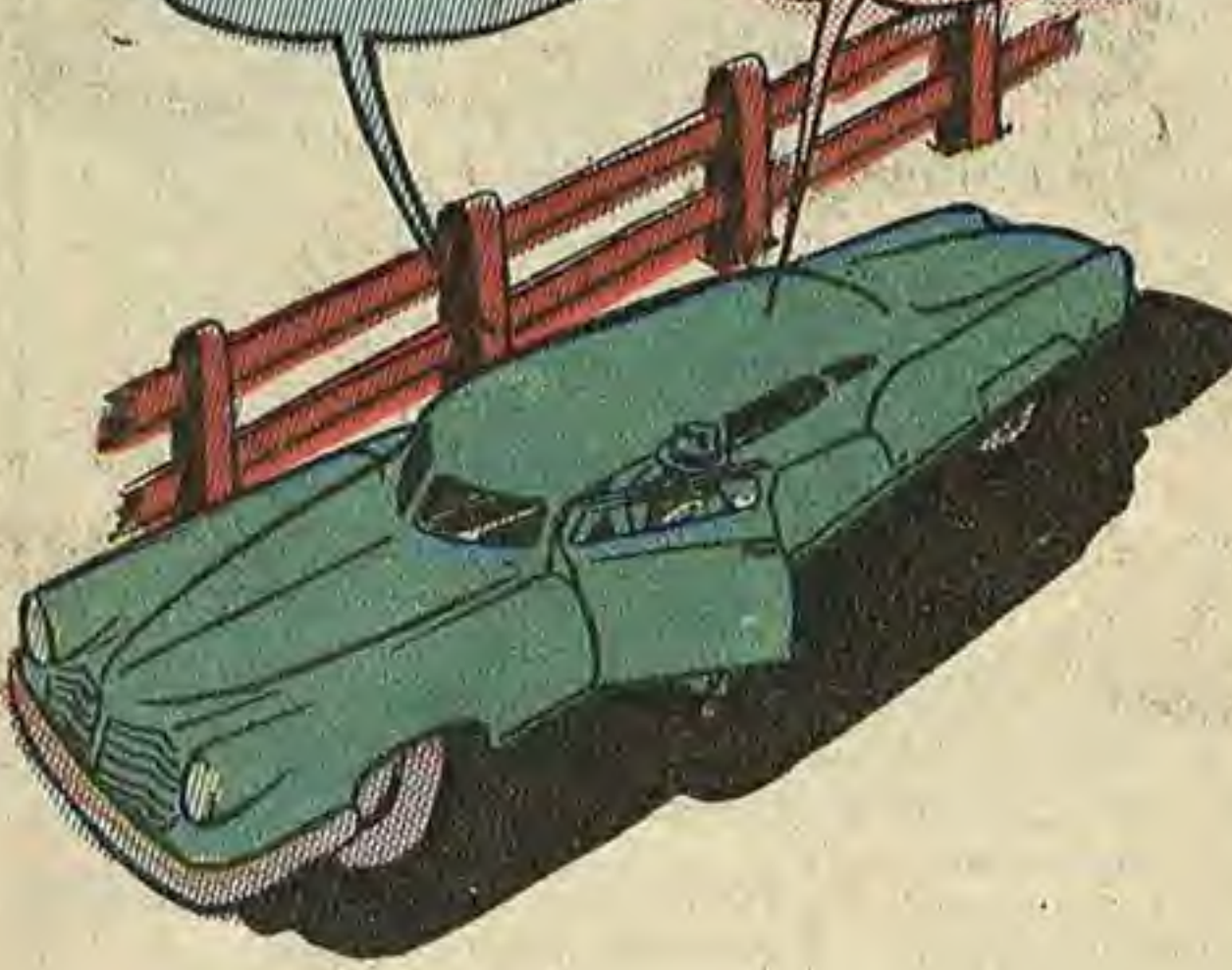


OH-OH-OH! THIS IS TERRIBLE!  
I'LL NEVER GET TO THE  
OLD MILL ON TIME,  
NOW! ...

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD...

OKAY, GANG! ...  
WITH GOLDEN  
OUT OF THE WAY,  
I CAN GO AHEAD  
AND MAKE DELIVERY  
FOR HIM! STAY  
CLOSE BUT DON'T  
INTERFERE!

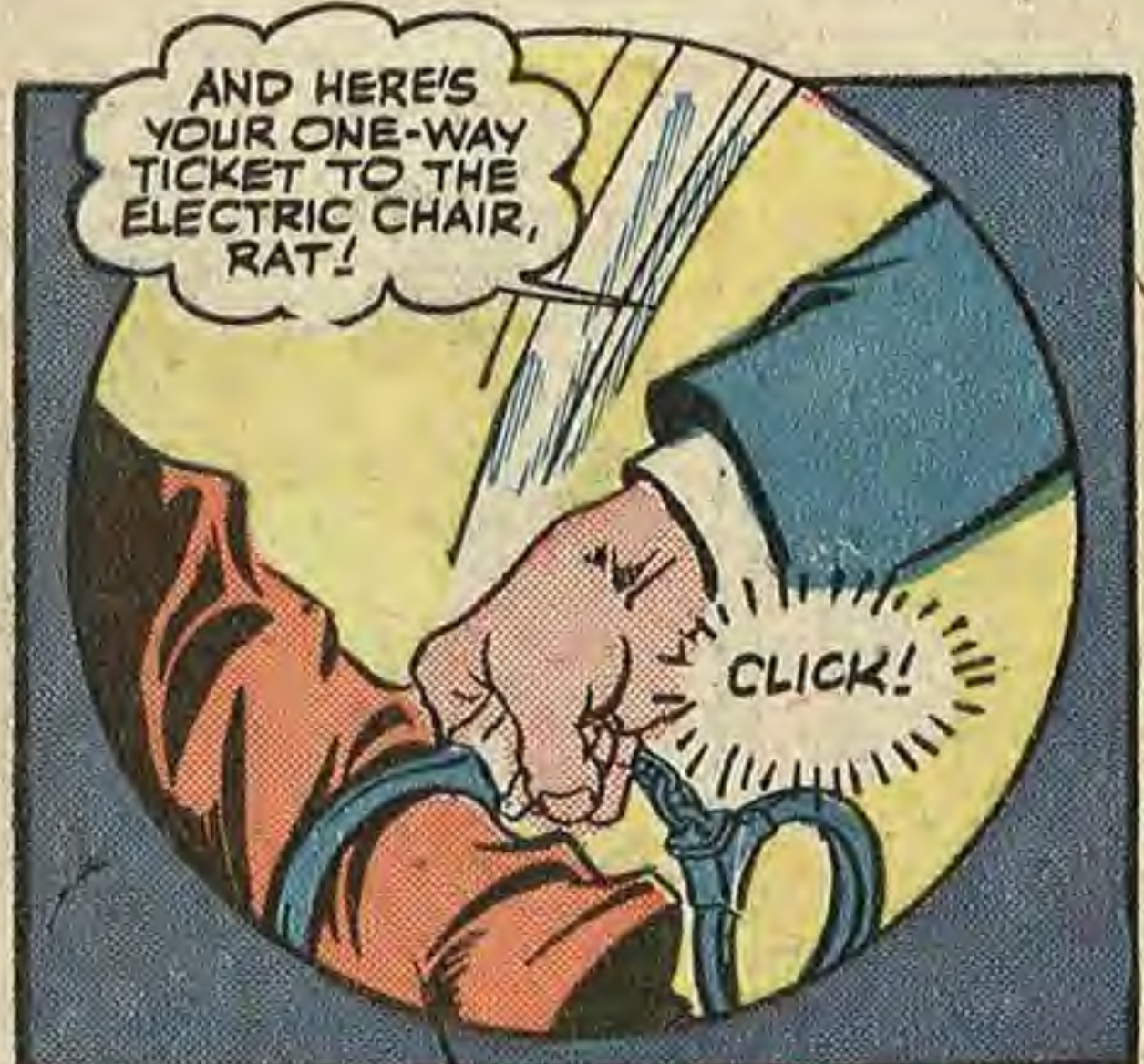
WATCH YOURSELF,  
MIDNIGHT!  
THAT MUG WOULD  
LOVE TO HAVE YOU  
DIE ---  
LAUGHING!



THERE HE  
IS! TALK  
ABOUT  
NERVE!...



HERE  
IT IS!...

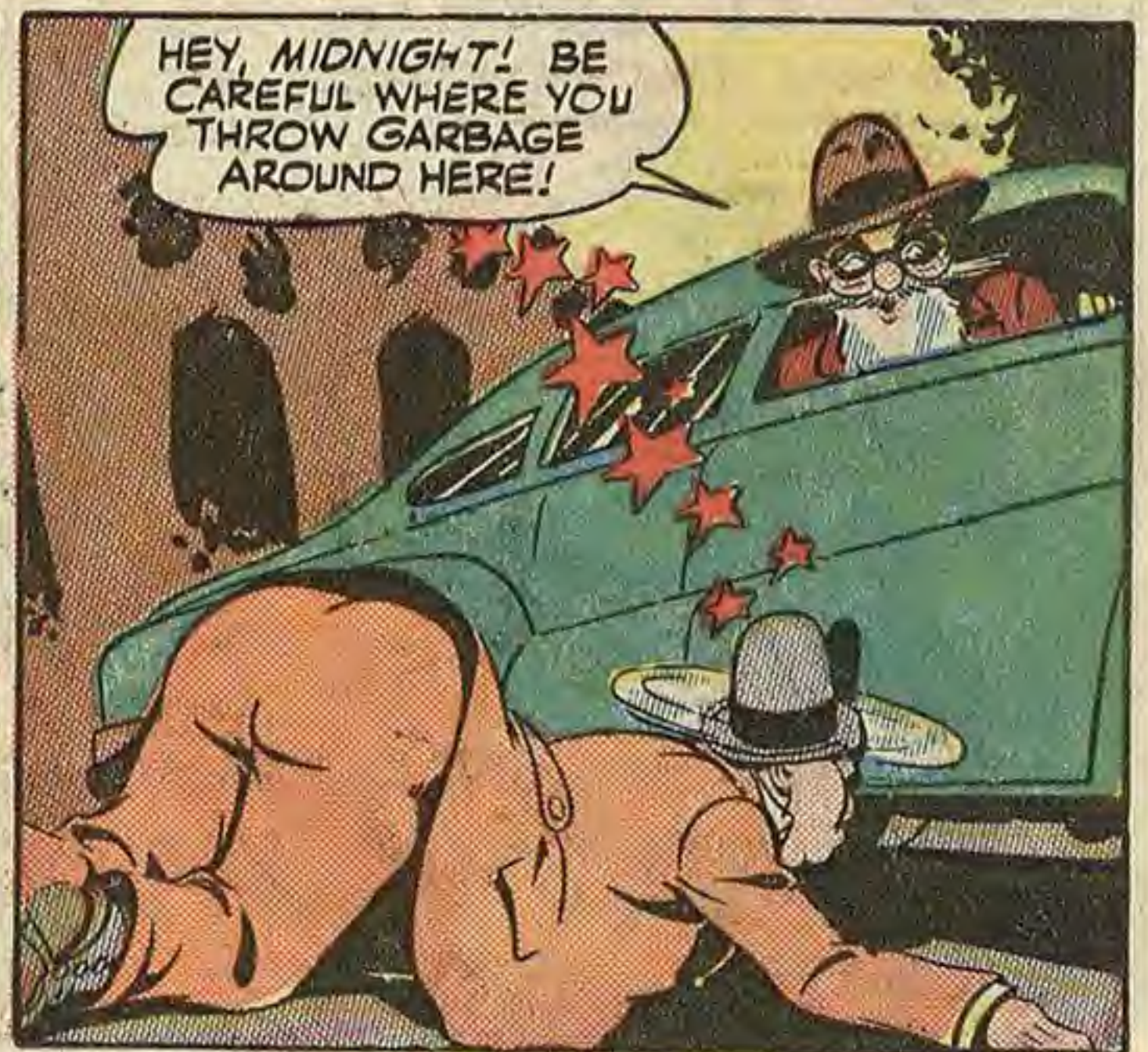


AND HERE'S  
YOUR ONE-WAY  
TICKET TO THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR,  
RAT!



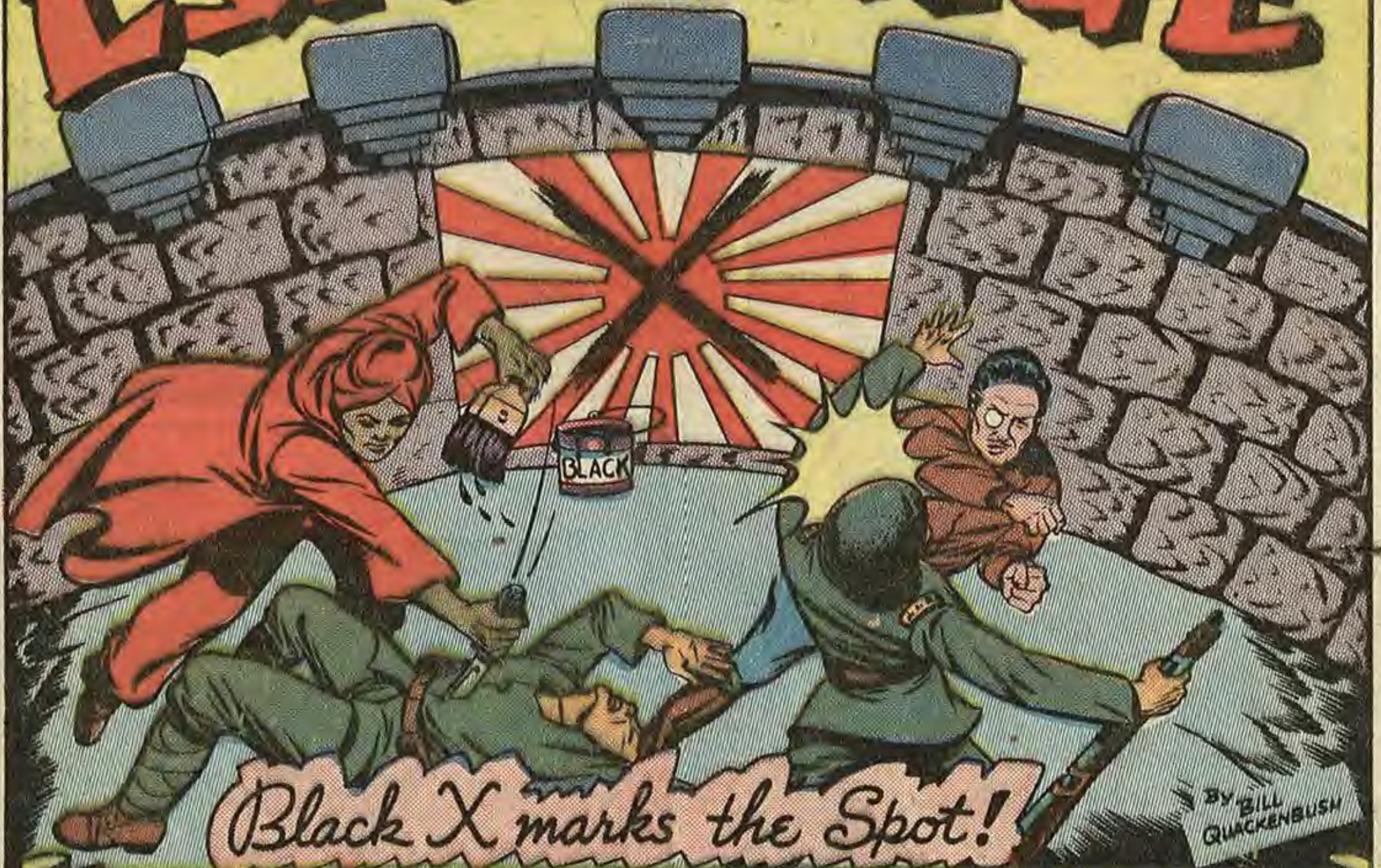
What a  
fool!  
A STRAW  
DUMMY!







# ESPIONAGE



*Black X marks the Spot!*

By BILL QUACKENBUSH

**A**llied troops belabor the battle front, driving back the hosts of Eastern tyranny.. while, **BEHIND THAT FRONT, AT THE HEART OF THE ENEMY'S DEFENSES,** Democracy's master spy strikes the blows that foretell certain defeat for **OPPRESSION!**

**LET'S LOOK IN ON WHAT WAS ONCE TAOTEN,** CHINA'S LOVELY "FLOWER CITY" - NOW **RAZED TO THE GROUND** AS PART OF JAPAN'S TERROR PROGRAM!...

STAY ON GUARD HERE! SEE THAT NO CIVILIAN ENTERS!

NO, HONORABLE CAPTAIN --IF CHINA MOURNS FOR TAOTEN, LET HER MOURN ELSEWHERE!

BUT THE CELLARS OF TAOTEN REMAIN --- AND WHEN NIGHT FALLS, DARK FIGURES EMERGE!

QUICK! LET THE OTHERS FOLLOW! THEN ---

YOU RUIN OUR CITY, FOREIGN DEVILS! WE RUIN YOU!







HELP! SENTRIES  
ATTACKED BY GUERRILLAS!  
TURN OUT THE GUARD!



THE RELIEF PARTY IS  
TOO MANY FOR US!  
RETREAT TO THE  
CELLARS!



THEY'RE  
GETTING  
AWAY FROM  
THE RUINS!

BUT THIS ONE  
STAYED TO  
COVER THE  
RETREAT!  
HE'S OUR  
PRISONER!



PULL OFF THAT CLOAK!  
LET US SEE HOW  
HE LOOKS!



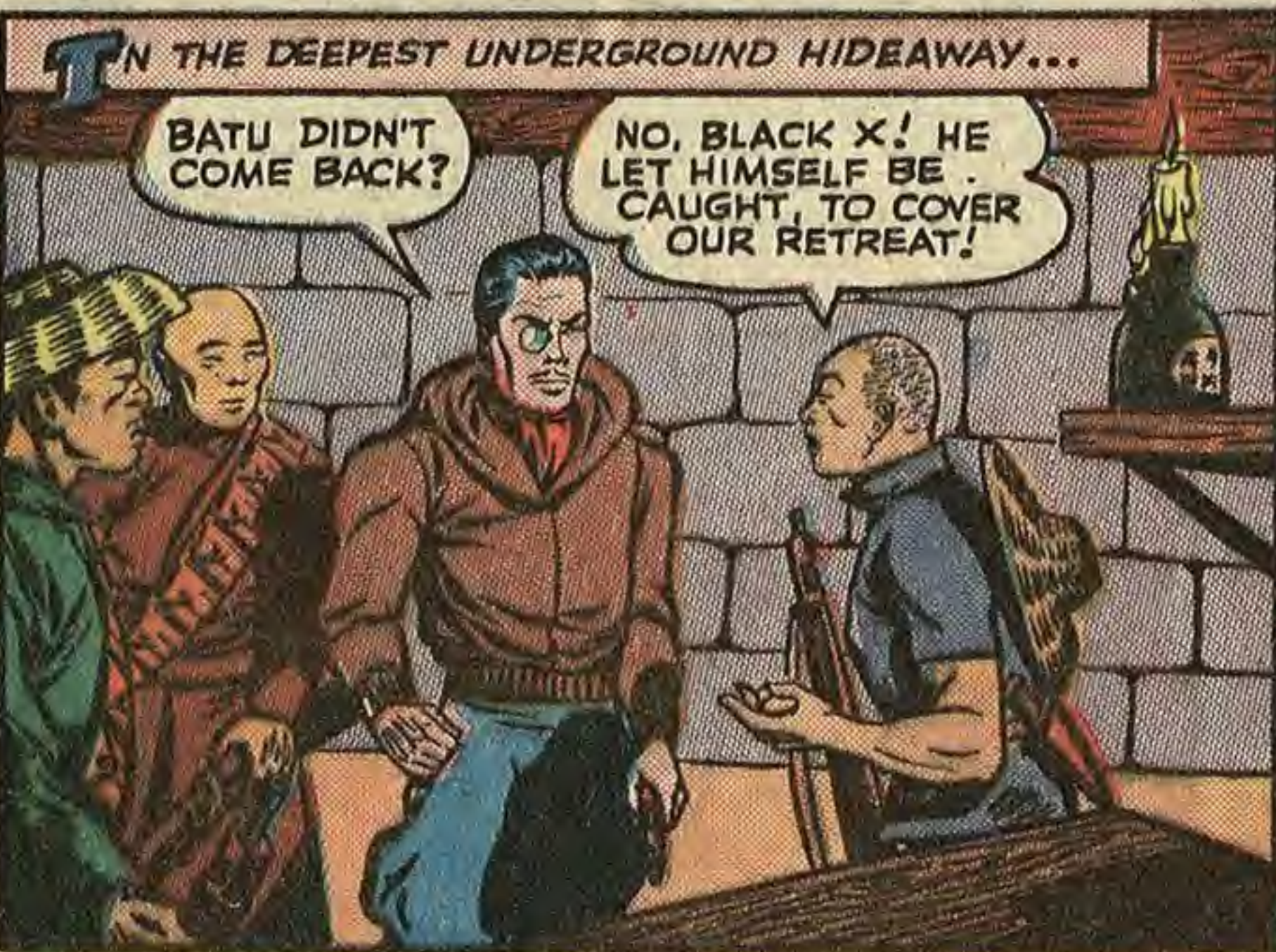
I KNOW  
HIM! HIS  
NAME IS  
**BATU!**

YES -- THE  
HENCHMAN OF  
**BLACK X,**  
THE ALLIED  
**MASTER  
SPY!**



YOUR MASTER  
IS HERE?...  
TELL US  
WHERE--  
OR THE  
**TORTURE!**

I DON'T  
SOIL MY  
TONGUE BY  
TALKING  
TO YOU!



**I**N THE DEEPEST UNDERGROUND HIDEAWAY...

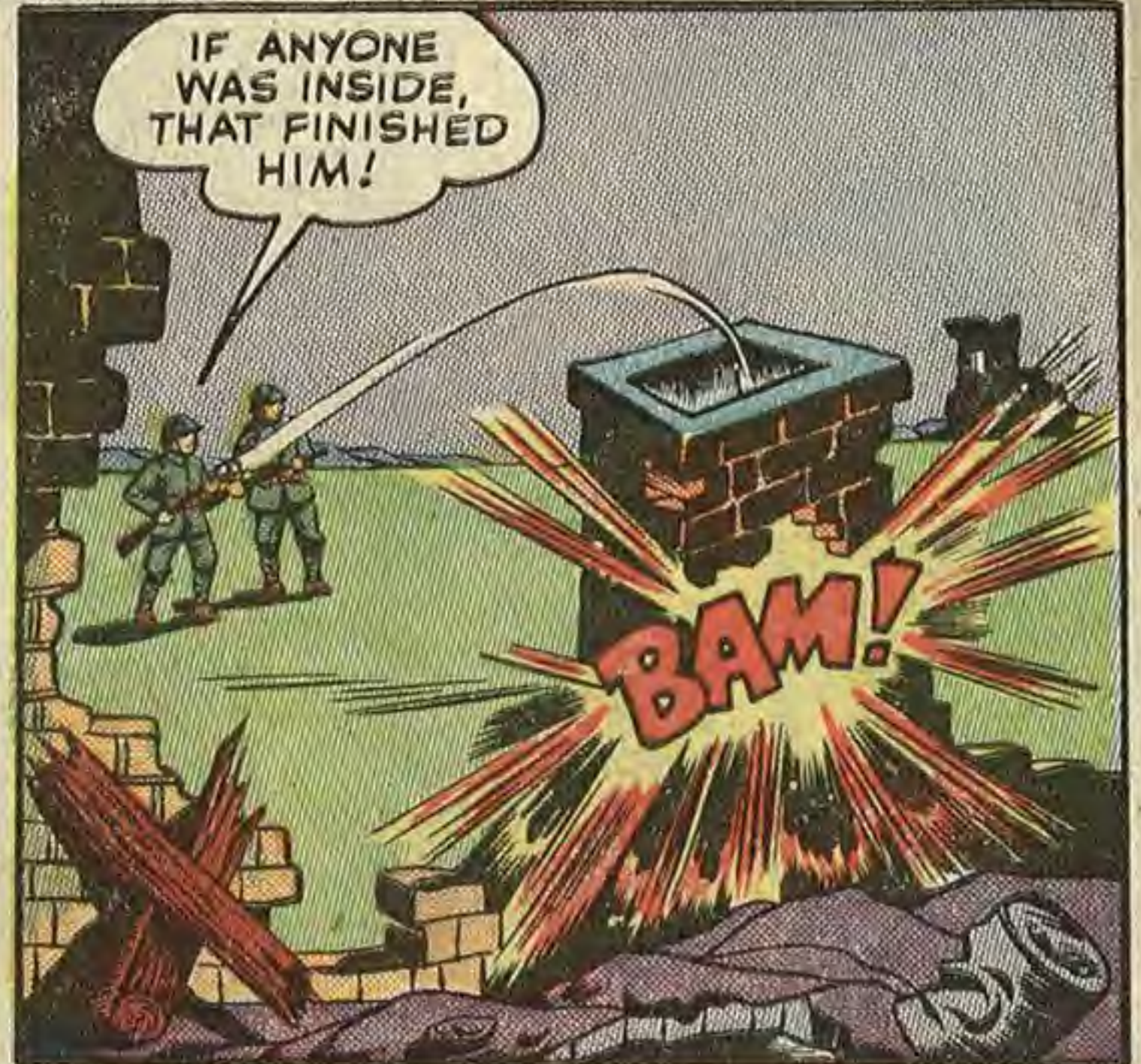
BATU DIDN'T  
COME BACK?

NO, BLACK X! HE  
LET HIMSELF BE  
CAUGHT, TO COVER  
OUR RETREAT!



I CAME HERE TO  
ORGANIZE THE CHINESE  
UNDERGROUND, NOT TO DOOM  
MY BEST FRIEND TO **DEATH!**  
TAKE COMMAND HERE, CHANG --  
I'LL GET BATU BACK --  
**ALONE!**

























SPARE NONE OF THEM!

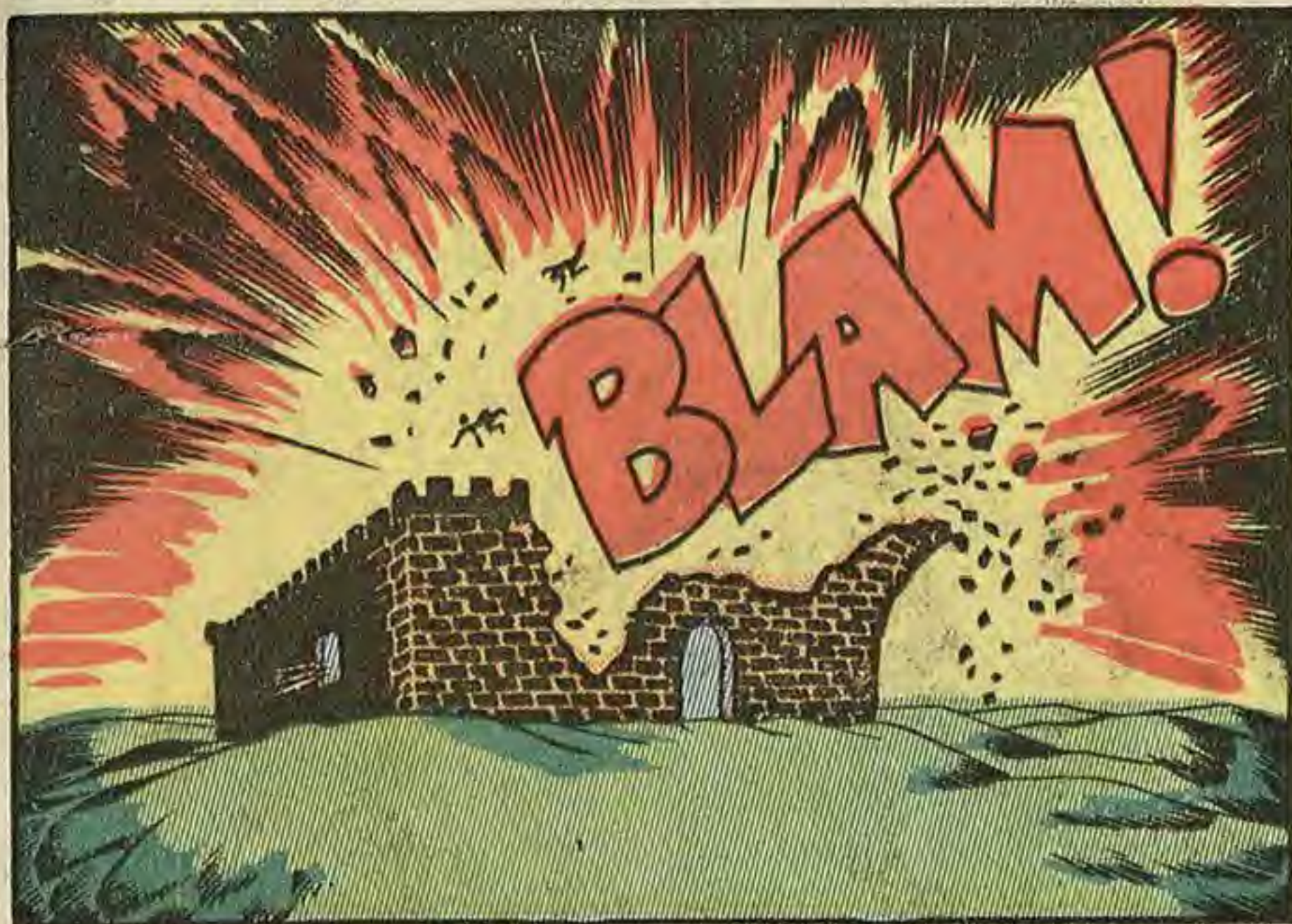


BUT WHERE ARE THEY? WERE THEY REALLY HERE?

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN! OUR COMRADES ARE ALL DEAD!



IT SAVORS OF FOREIGN MAGIC! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF WE WERE BLOWN TO BITS!



FOREIGN DEVILS! THEY USE ENCHANTMENT AGAINST US!

QUICK! ALL WHO STILL LIVE -- FLEE FROM TAOTEN!



THEY WON'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL THEY'RE MILES AWAY! AND THEY'LL TELL OTHERS!

SO TAOTEN WON'T BE THEIR ANCHOR POINT -- IT'LL BE OUR BASE OF OPERATIONS WHEN THEIR LINES FALL BACK! BUT HOW DID YOU REACH THAT CELLAR?



I REPORTED TO CHANG, AS BLACK X ORDERED!

AND WE TUNNELED FROM OUR CELLAR TO THEIRS! NOW BLACK X WILL HELP US FORTIFY OURSELVES!--



NO! I LEAVE TAOTEN IN YOUR HANDS! BATU AND I HAVE ANOTHER MISSION TO FULFILL!



SMASH COMICS

# Rookie RANKIN

and *"The Boogie Woogie Dirge"*

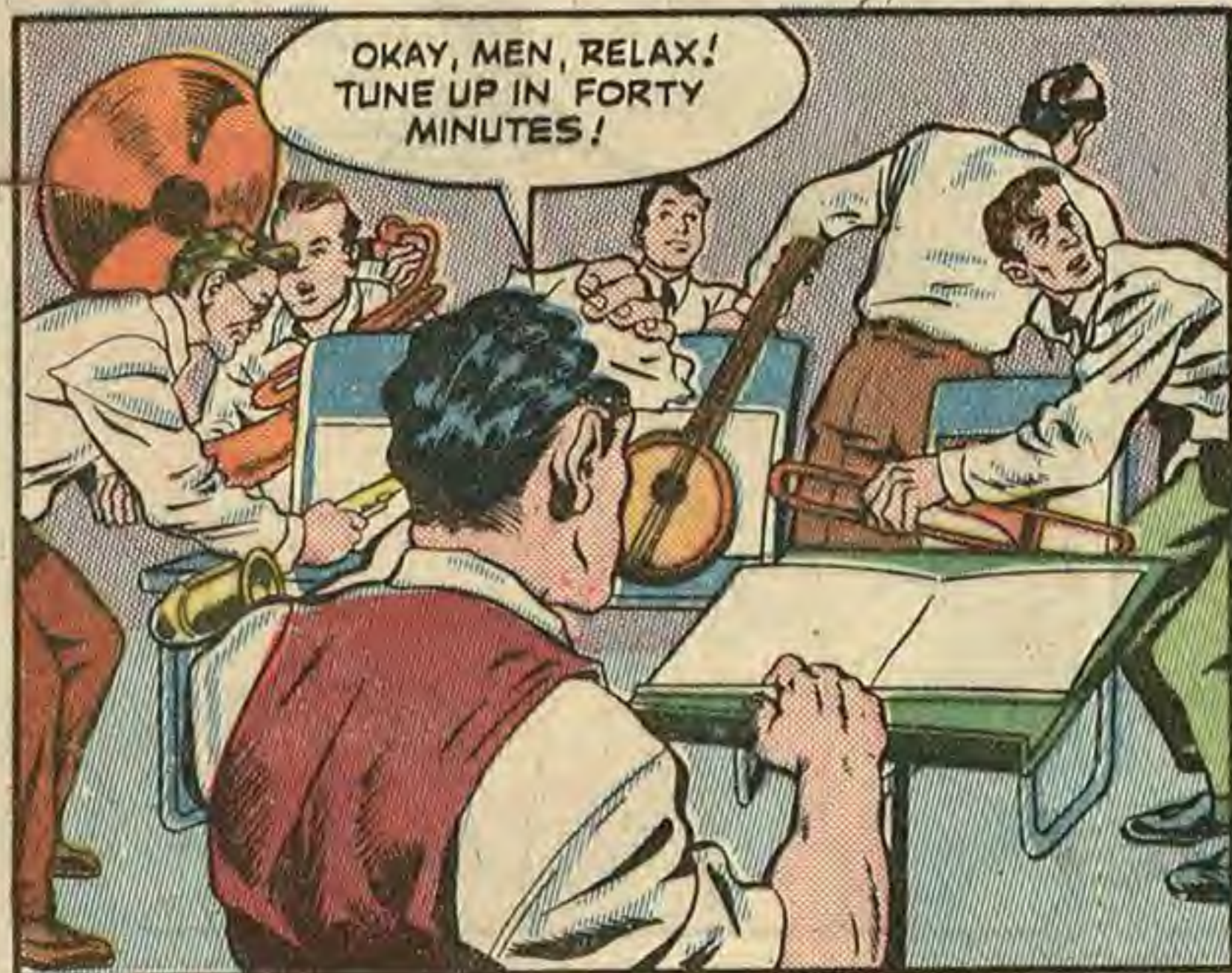


A Song of Death, eight to the bar, beats out a funeral march to the grave!

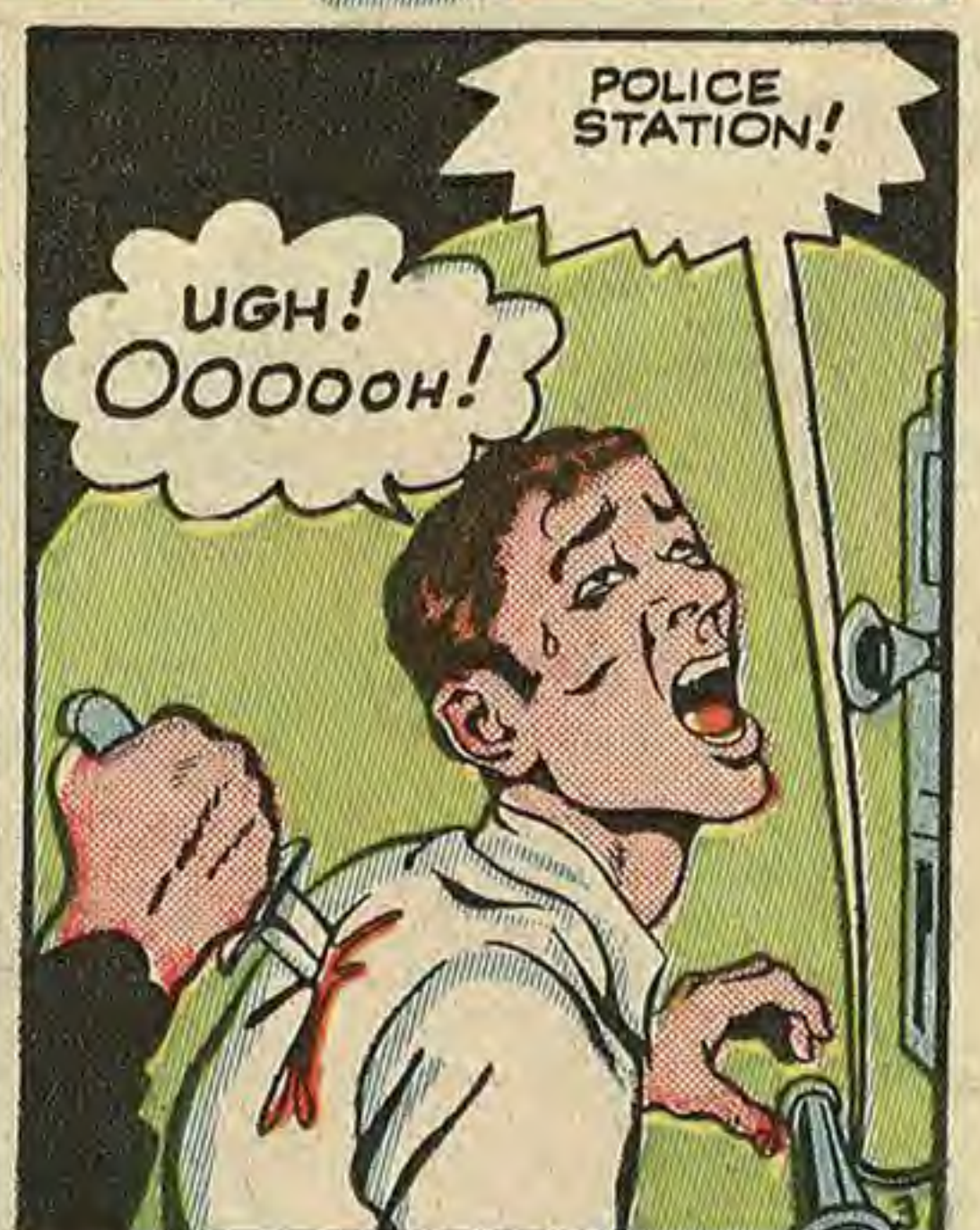
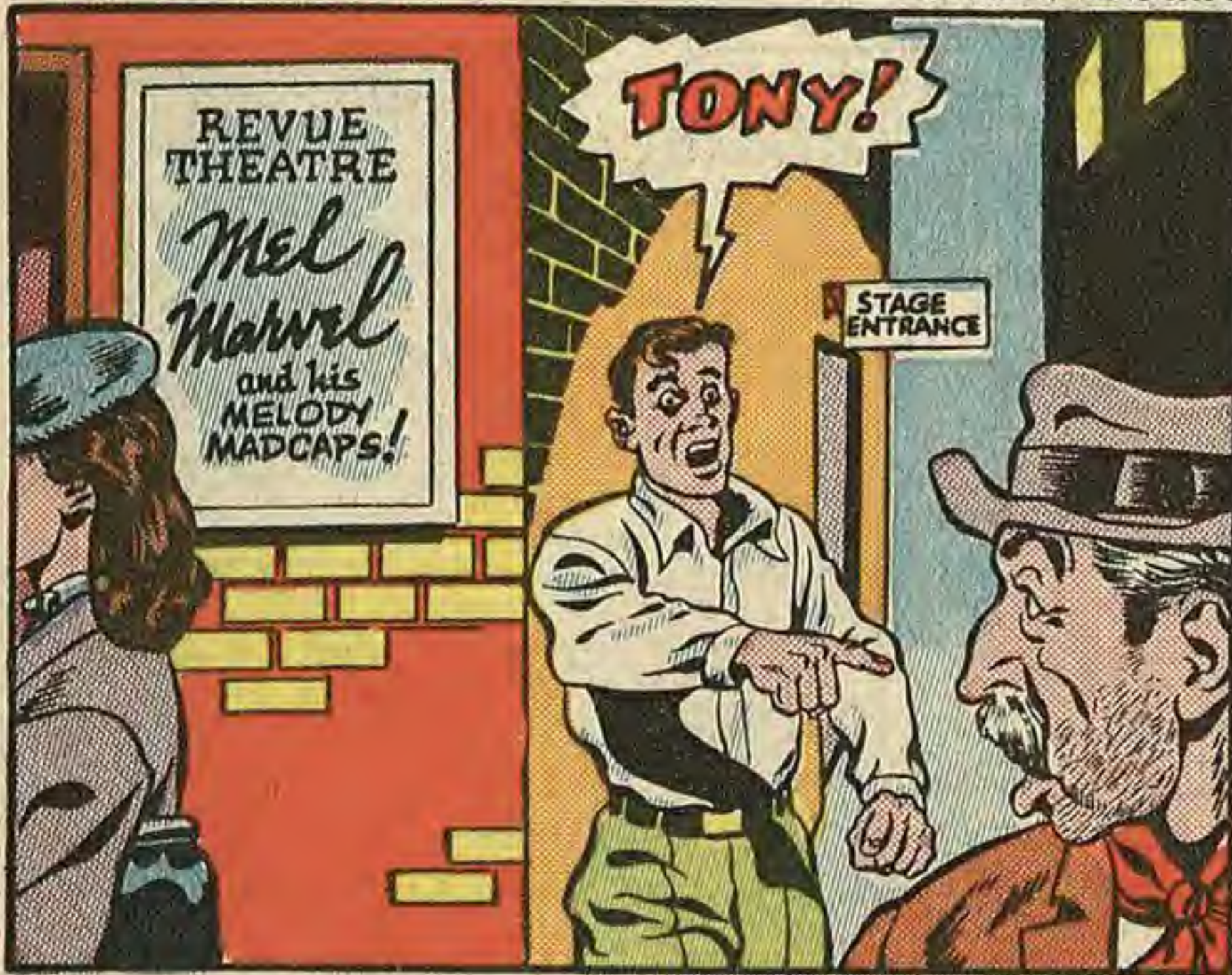
**Rookie Rankin**, following the trail of treachery, finds murder and intrigue set to music!

This is the strange story of *"The Boogie Woogie Dirge!"*











# SMASH COMICS









SMASH COMICS









# SMASH COMICS



WE'VE SCoured THE PLACE! ... EVERYONE IS DOWNSTAIRS! I'VE PUT GUARDS AT ALL EXITS!

GOOD! SEND THEM UP ONE AT A TIME!



HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

EVERYONE WILL BE SEARCHED! TWO MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED, AND THE KILLER IS STILL IN THIS THEATRE!



YOU SEARCH-A ME, TOO, MEESTER RANKIN?

YES, TONY! WE SPARE NO ONE!



WHAT'S THIS? "ANTHONY GETTI"! ... ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO GUS-- THE BOY WHO WAS KILLED?

YES...



GIUSEPPE GETTI! ... GUS, WE CALL HEEM! HE NOT WANT-A THEM TO KNOW THE OLD BOOT-A BLACK WAS HEES PAPA!

HIS FATHER! WELL, I'LL BE---



IT LOOKS BAD FOR YOU, TONY! MEL MARVEL WAS STRANGLED TO DEATH! THERE WERE BLACK MARKS ON HIS THROAT, AND THE ODOR OF SHOE POLISH!

YES! I KEEL HIM!



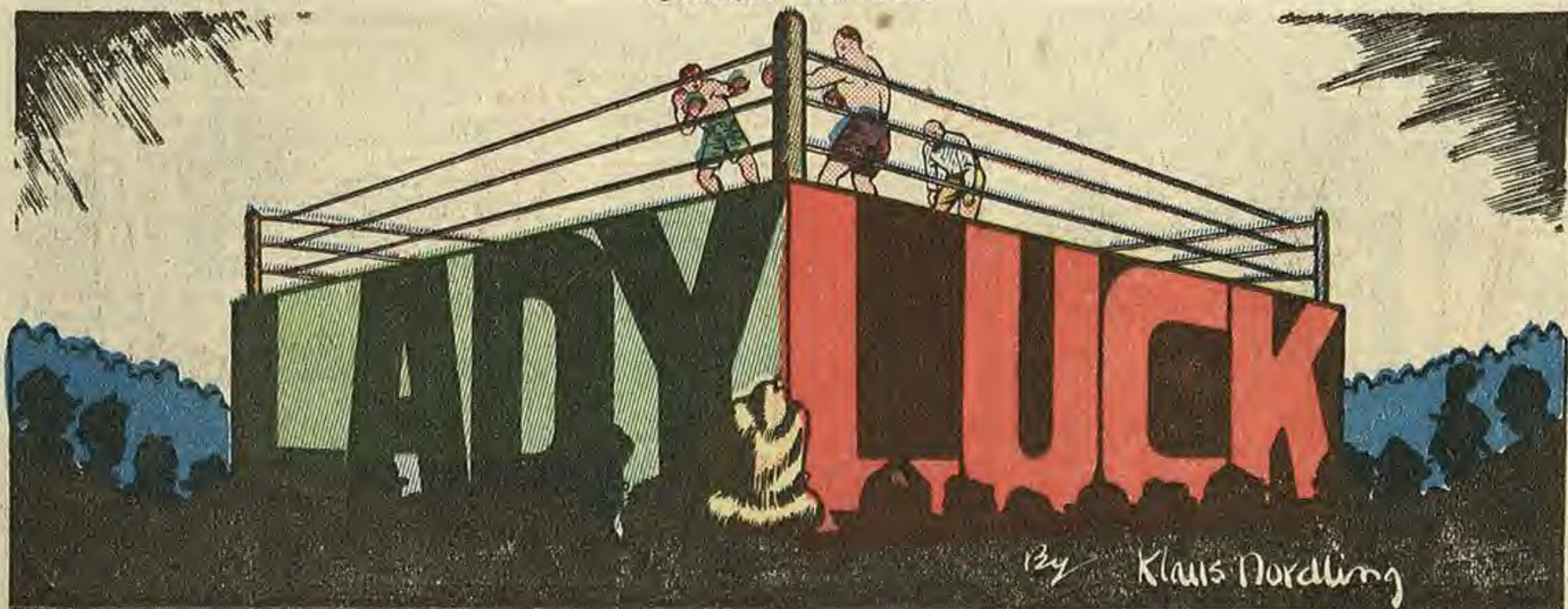
WHY DID YOU KILL HIM, TONY? AND WHAT ABOUT GUS?

MARVEL KEEL GUS-- I KEEL MARVEL! IN ITALY, WE HAVE-A DA BLACK HAND TO DEAL WIT' MEN LIKE-A DEES!



ME --- I HAVE MY OWN BLACK HANDS!







SMASH COMICS





SMASH COMICS



GOLLY, **BLACKOUT!** THE REFEREE COLLAPSES.. THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT!! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THE **COUNT** OUT IN THE CORRIDOR! SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS WHEN HE'S LOOSE!



THE LIGHTS WHY DO YOU EXTINGUISH? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT PRACTISING THE GENTLEMAN AND I ARE?

HUH? OH... A BRIGHT GUY!

**LADY LUCK!** SOMETHING IS WRONG?

KAYOED HIM! WOW! HE'S A NATURAL!

CLICK!

WHO PUT THEM LIGHTS ON?--! ER.. I MEAN OUT?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, MISTER?

I-I'M **GRIFF**, THE PROMOTER HERE! I... CAME TO SEE WHO STUCK THE LIGHTS OUT...

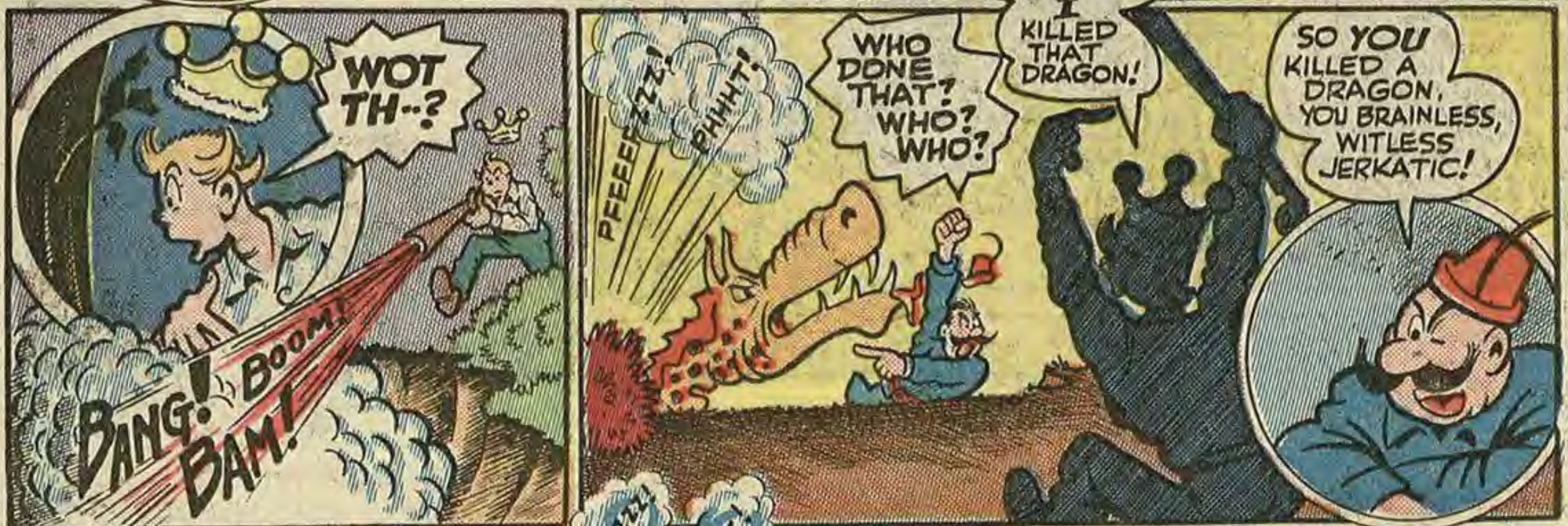
GEE, DON'T BLAME ME, **GRIFF**! I DONE WHAT YA TOLD ME... BUT THE LITTLE GUY STUCK 'EM ON AGAIN!

MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REFEREE, TOO, MR **GRIFF**!











# THE MARKSMAN



*Out*

OF THE SNOW-CAPPED FOREST IT CAME, THIS ROARING MONSTER FROM THE EARTH'S DEAD PAST! -- SOLE SURVIVOR OF A RACE THAT SHOOK THE EARTH TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO!

AND UP THE TRAIL BEHIND CAME TODAY'S MONSTERS -- YELLOW MEN WITH SLANTING EYES AND THE HEARTS OF FIENDS... AND BETWEEN THESE TWO HORRORS STOOD THE MARKSMAN WITH ONLY BOW AND ARROW TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE GIRL HE LOVED!



**B** BLACK NIGHT--  
AND IN A DESERTED BAY ALONG THE WESTERN COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA



IS FAR ENOUGH!  
... DROP HONORABLE ANCHOR!



ALL IS READY!  
YOU UNDERSTAND ORDERS PERFECTLY, CAPTAIN KIOTO?

AH, SA, HONORABLE COMMANDER? THEY ARE WRITTEN IN LETTERS OF FIRE ON THIS UNWORTHY HEART!



FIRST WE CLIMB TO APPOINTED SPOT HIGH IN ANDES MOUNTAINS-- A SACRED SPOT WHERE NATIVES FEAR TO GO-- SO WE NOT BE SEEN...

IS RIGHT! AND WHERE HIGH ALTITUDE MAKES IT COLD ENOUGH FOR YOUR PURPOSE!



THERE WE MANUFACTURE GREAT QUANTITIES OF NEW POISON GAS TO BE READY WHEN OUR BRAVE ARMIES INVADE SOUTH AMERICA! **BANZAI!**



CAPTAIN HINUSHI, WHO PRETENDS TO BE FARMER HERE, WILL COME AT DAWN WITH NATIVES TO CARRY EQUIPMENT AND GUIDE THE WAY!



AIEEE! IS HONORABLE CAPTAIN HINUSHI WITH PROMISED AID! **BANZAI!**

**BANZAI, HONORABLE CAPTAIN KIOTO! OUR SOUTH AMERICAN ALLIES HAVE COME--THOUGH UNWILLINGLY! STEP FASTER, DOGS!**



UP ON YOUR FEET, DOG! BE QUICK!

I-- CANNOT-- LIFT IT, SENHOR! THE FEVER-- RAGES IN--MY BONES!







**Later...**

SO A JAP PARTY IS HEADED TOWARD THE FIELD OF GIANTS, EH? BY HURRYING, I CAN GET THERE ABOUT THE SAME TIME THEY DO!

TAKE ME WITH YOU THIS TIME, MARKSMAN! I'M NO CHILD TO BE LEFT BEHIND!

ALL RIGHT! THE WAY WILL BE HARD AND DANGEROUS -- BUT NO WORSE THAN OTHERS WE HAVE FACED TOGETHER! WE LEAVE AT ONCE!

GOOD! JUAN CAN CARE FOR THAT NATIVE UNTIL WE RETURN...

LET'S NOT FOOL OURSELVES, ANNA! ... **IF** WE RETURN!

WHAT IS THIS FIELD OF GIANTS? AND WHY DO THE JAPS GO THERE?

THE FIELD IS A VAST PLATEAU, HIGH IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS, LITTERED WITH BONES OF ANCIENT MAMMOTHS...

NATIVES CLAIM THE SPOT IS HAUNTED! THE JAPS MUST GO THERE BECAUSE THEY KNOW NO NATIVE WILL SPY ON THEM OR EVEN COME NEAR!

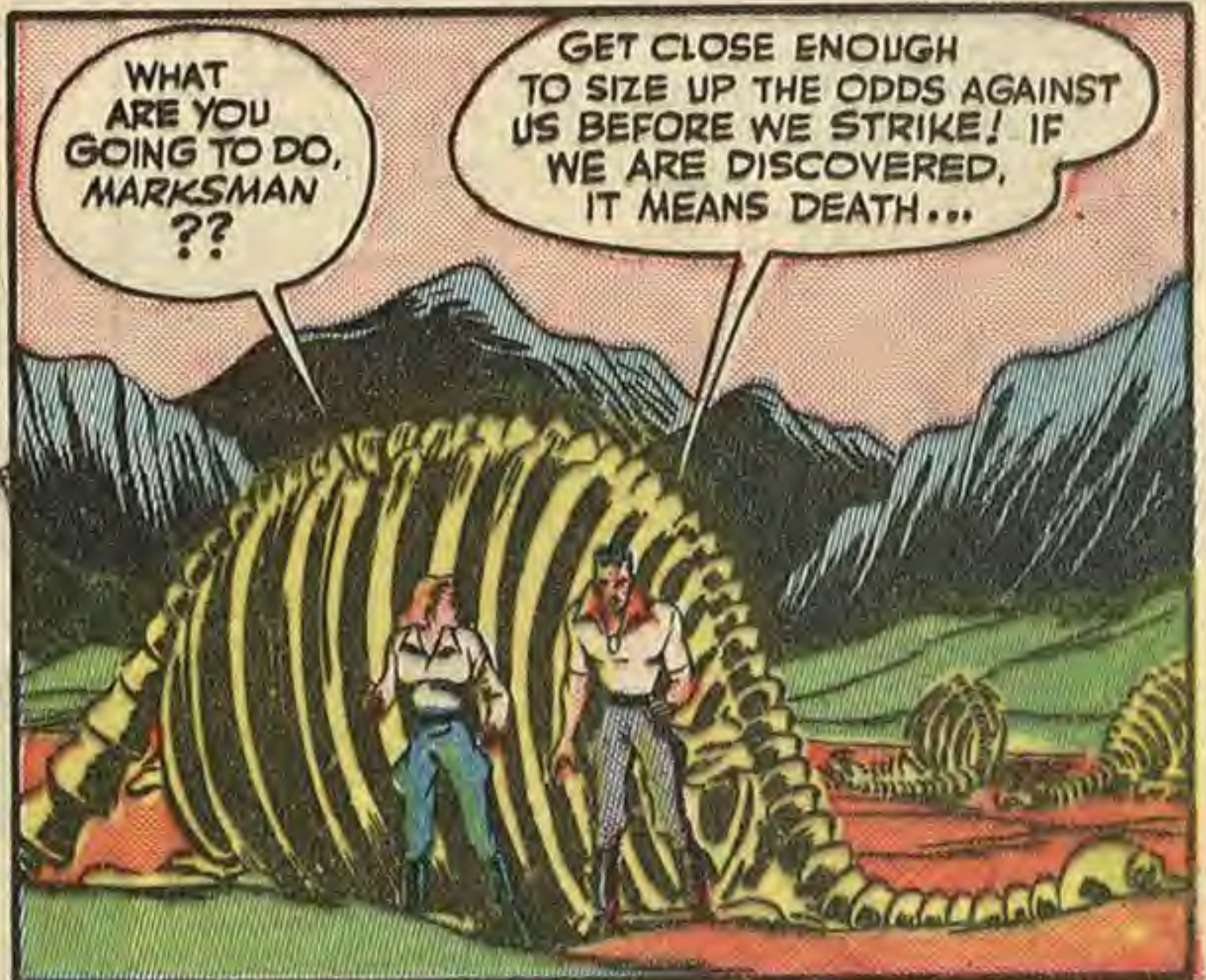
AND THAT MEANS THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING SO IMPORTANT THEY'D RISK ANYTHING TO KEEP IT SECRET!

**NEXT DAY...**

BRR-RR-R! THIS CHANGE FROM JUNGLE HEAT TO MOUNTAIN CHILL IS PAINFUL!

AND IT WILL GROW COLDER AS WE CLIMB HIGHER! LACKING WARM GARMENTS, WE MUST KEEP WARM BY MOVING FASTER AND FASTER!







SMASH COMICS









# MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

**T**HE kraal of old Chief Mowassa was filthy. A pile of bones lay in one corner of the big enclosure—some of them didn't even look animal! Although it was said that Chief Mowassa and his savage people ate no humans. Not since the good Padre Mignon had come among them a quarter century before.

Mowassa's people were dirty, lazy, stupid. Not that old Mowassa was stupid; he wasn't. He was wily, crafty, ambitious. He knew the white man's psychology. He knew his greed! Knowing these things had been profitable for Mowassa, who was also no mean medicine man.

Mowassa at this very moment saw a chance to turn a neat penny. Two white men squatted before him, holding gourds of thick, rancid soup which an ancient hag had put into their hands soon after their arrival. Each had taken a sip—and each had nearly gagged.

Jimmy Christian, one of the white visitors, being more accustomed to African diets, tried to cover up for his friend's gastronomic agony. It was not courtesy to refuse to break bread with your host. Jimmy smiled and pointed to his friend as he held the Chief's glance.

"He knows that food is scarce at this season," Jimmy explained. "And therefore he feels he is taking food away from your wives and children."

Mowassa grew expansive. He

grinned, showing sharpened teeth. "Scarce or not," he said, "there is plenty of food for my friends." He clapped his hands. "Ayesha!" he shouted, "two more gourds!"

Jimmy almost passed out—more for the discomfiture of Jack Heins, his companion, than for himself. He could somehow get these awful brews down—the ability had saved his life more than once—but he knew that Jack, being a tenderfoot, could never sip another mouthful. Jimmy knew what faced him: eating Jack's two gourds of soup, besides his own pair! Three to go—!

It was the most difficult task that ever faced Jimmy, but he managed it. He felt ill afterward, but a strong constitution came to his aid. The interview was an ordeal. Jimmy had come to Africa in order to examine rumors that a large radium mine existed in the wild, remote mountains of the moon. Jimmy wanted guides and bearers from old Mowassa; he promised good pay.

Mowassa's greedy eyes popped. Profit. He would state a price, a high one. He could come down if necessary.

"Good!" said Jimmy, accepting Mowassa's exorbitant rate without batting an eye. The old chief almost fell over, he was so surprised.

"Good," again said Jimmy. "We'll be wanting to leave in

the morning. Can you have the guides ready, Chief?"

"At dawn, Bwana. One hundred five hard-working fellers oh—would it—"

Jimmy chuckled and dropped a sack of gold coins at Mowassa's feet. He knew what the old crook wanted.

"That for now, the rest when we return," he told the grinning black. "At dawn, then, Mowassa!"

The safari that set out next morning through the steaming Congo was a colorful one, more than 100 strong. There were strange tales about the Mountains of the Moon. Legends of terror and death. Unbelievable and incredible things.

Many days passed while they marched. Days filled with heat and sudden storms and mosquitoes and poisonous snakes. Two of the natives were bitten by snakes and died. One was pulled down by a lion and had most of his carcass ripped pretty badly.

Then about three days from their destination, Jack Heins came down with jungle fever and they had to camp for nearly a week, during which time a terrific electrical storm ripped at the broad plain, nearly blowing their tents away. The storm blew itself out in 48 hours and by that time Heins was able to continue the march.

The sun broke clear on the morning of the departure. They had now reached an altitude

of 4,000 feet and the air was sharp. Vegetation was thinning out and the fauna, too, of the lowlands was growing scarce. They were approaching the country of the great gorillas, Jimmy had visited this amazing country before, capturing two perfect specimens for the Royal Batavia Zoo in Java. This time he was searching for a rare metal to help the war effort.

The safari reached the foot of the Mountains of the Moon at sunset and built camp. It was extremely cold when the sun had set. Farther up the rocky slopes they could see smudges of snow. Jimmy remembered the suffering of all members of his party on that last trek. The howling wind had almost torn them to shreds. The snow had buried their camp several times. Then the sun's terrific glare on the intense white—two of them had gone snow blind.

They were at the 6,000-foot level in two days, and caught in the tremendous gale that always blew at that altitude. Higher as they traversed the rocky trail, the wind lessened and the vegetation disappeared. Animals, heavy-furred, began making their appearance. Bears. A woodchuck type panda with enormous claws. A white weasel. Wild dogs with thick, grey coats.

Three days later, just below the crest of the lofty mountain ridge, the party arrived at the great depression wherein they were to find their radium. It was a wild, lonely gorge at the bottom of which raged a river. Vultures nested in the towering stone walls and flew in wide circles above the canyon rim looking for carrion.

Jimmy Christian had the camp pitched on the edge of the gorge where a huge rock broke the blast of mountain winds. Then they were ready for the great adventure!

The first night in camp was a nightmare of shrieks and growls and horrible chattering, and the sound of great boulders rolling and falling into the gorge. The great apes were at play, Jimmy reasoned—or fighting. They seldom attacked a man, unless provoked at great length. Then they were extremely dangerous. Killers, but not eaters of human flesh.

Test of the native pitchblende, in which is found radium—and even uranium—were most interesting. It assayed 1 gram in 240 tons of raw concentrates, an enormous yield.

"There's enough radium here to flood the world markets," said Jimmy after looking over the assay reports. "This is simply terrific!"

"Yes," replied Jack Heins. "If we can only fly separators in here we've got radium cornered. It can be sold for \$10,000 a gram instead of \$25,000."

Jimmy admired that trait in Heins; justice. He didn't want only profit; he wanted to make radium available to the masses, at a reasonable cost.

"If there is radium here," he said, "we'll find it, and we'll get it out!"

They found radium all right. The next week showed them that this was a radium deposit the like of which had never been found. They marked the area for aviators' spotting and were on their way out when it struck. Their camp was sur-

rounded about midnight by a howling horde of gorillas. They leaped from their bedrolls grabbing rifles. Shots stabbed the darkness, and howls of rage and pain ripped the night.

"I never knew the apes to attack men before," Jimmy said. He was standing near the tent he shared with Jack Heins. Suddenly he pointed. "Look, Jack! Isn't that a white ape?"

The moonlight was bright, revealing the hideous beasts. A huge white one acted as leader.

"An albino!" cried Heins.

"Get him," said Jimmy, "and we've got this thing stopped. I don't like the looks of this."

Jimmy's rifle barked. The white gorilla screamed shrilly and pitched forward on his face. The others, growling and screaming, slunk off into the darkness.

"Come on," said Jimmy, leading the way toward the fallen ape. Several others lay about, victims of the men's shots.

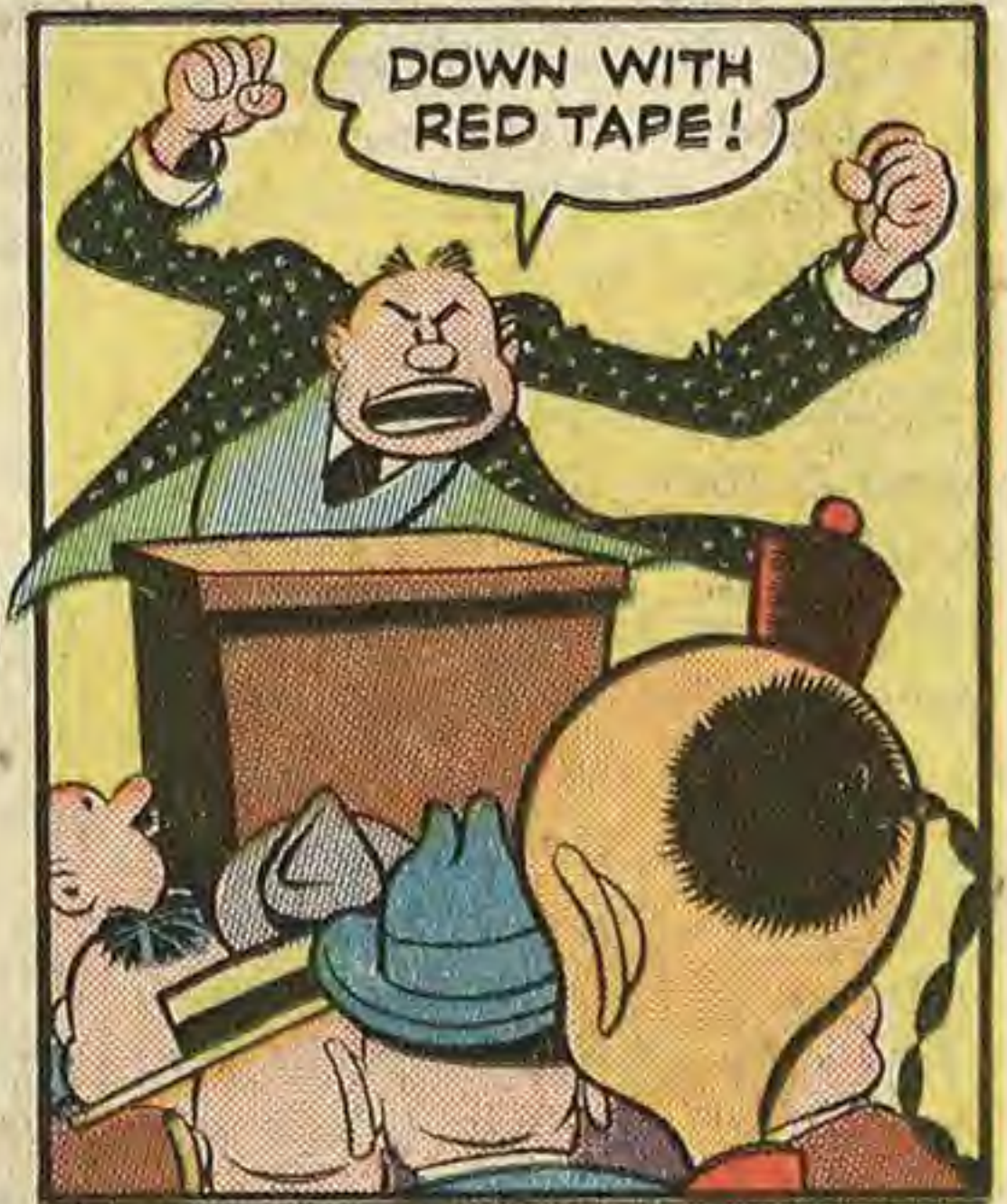
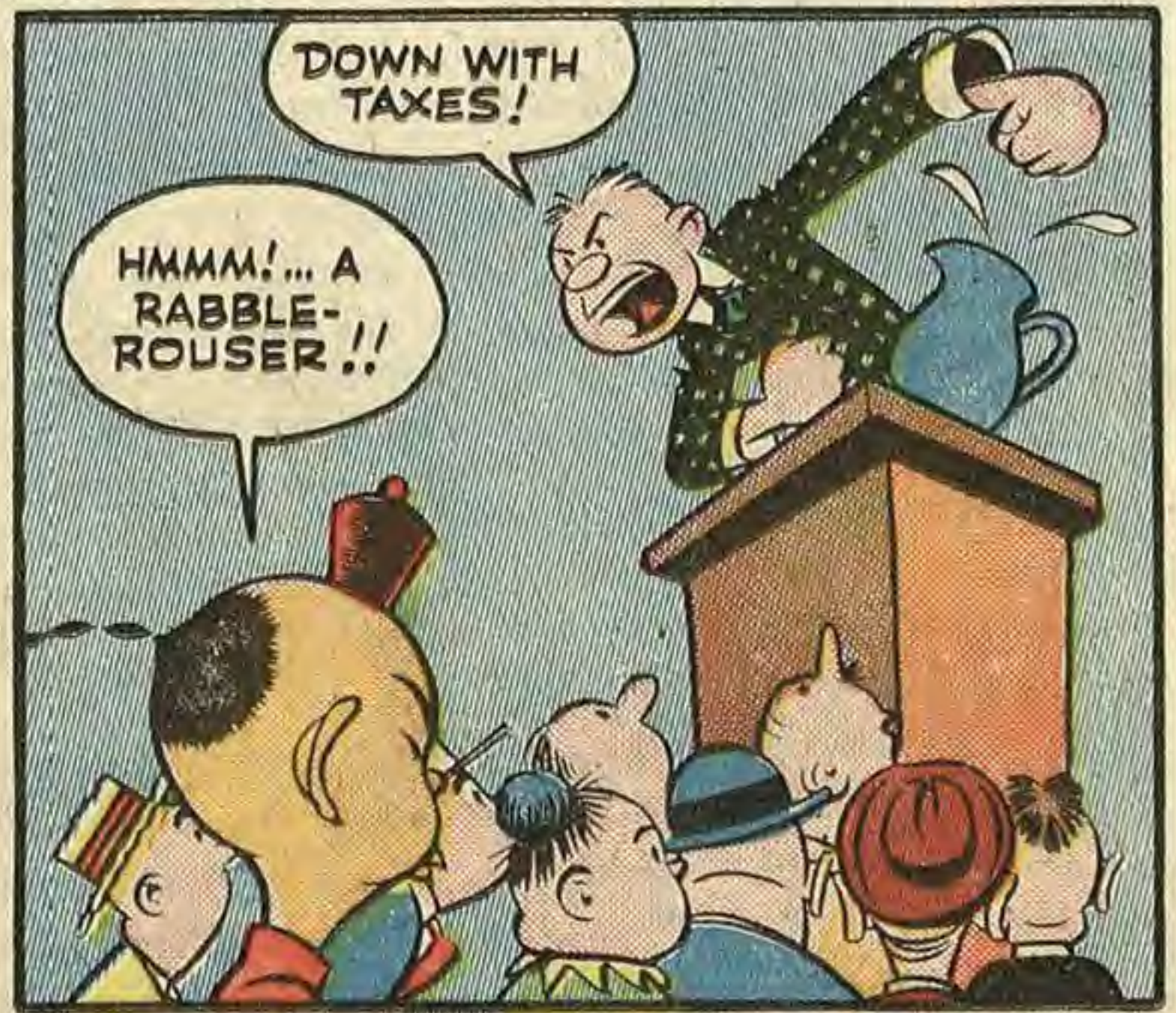
"Big fellow," observed Heins, looking down at the white gorilla. "Straight."

"Yeah," Jimmy replied. "Too straight." He rolled the beast over. Then he stooped with an exclamation and began ripping the creature's skin. Part of it came off. Heins gasped.

"Just as I thought," Jimmy said. "Old Mowassa, the native Chief! Greedy old devil. He meant to have us all killed so he could rob us. Pretty good trick though. He knew that a white gorilla is always looked upon as a sort of all-powerful bull by gorillas."

"Anyway," said Heins, "this white skin is interesting. The Zoo will like it."







# Daffy

ME AFRAID  
OF GHOSTS!  
WHY, I  
DON'T EVEN  
BELIEVE  
IN 'EM!



HMMM... WHAT  
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT  
THAT? COBINA VANDERAST  
IS GOING TO BE MARRIED!  
FINE SOCIETY WEDDING,  
TOO!

I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU KEPT UP  
WITH THE  
SOCIETY  
NOTES, DEKE!

WHY, OF COURSE  
I DO! ... FOR  
INSTANCE, TAKE  
THIS VANDERAST  
FAMILY! DO  
YOU KNOW,  
THEY SAY THEIR  
ESTATE IS  
HAUNTED?

RIGHT! BY A PHANTOM  
WHO WON'T PERMIT ANY  
WOMAN IN THE  
FAMILY TO MARRY  
THE FIRST MAN  
SHE CHOOSES!...  
THEY SAY THAT, IF  
SHE PERSISTS, THE  
GHOST KILLS THE  
MAN BEFORE SHE  
CAN MARRY HIM!

GOSH!







THE STORY IS THAT THE PHANTOM IS MEAN THAT WAY BECAUSE WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, HIS DAUGHTER MARRIED A MAN WITHOUT HIS CONSENT! HE KILLED BOTH HIS DAUGHTER AND THE MAN!

BUT DEKE! THAT STORY'S RIGHT THERE IN THE PAPER!



OH, THE PAPERS!... OF COURSE, THEY WERE BOUND TO GET THE STORY EVENTUALLY --- BUT I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! HEH-HEH!



Cobina Vanderast to Wed! Will the Phantom Strike?



SHE'S PRETTY! I HOPE THAT OLD PHANTOM DOESN'T HURT HER! ... ANYWAY, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

THIRTY MILLION BUCKS --AND A FACE LIKE THAT, TOO! SIGH SIGH



WELL, SO LONG, DEKE! I MUST MEET A CLASS AT THAT REDUCING SCHOOL! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD I GOT THAT JOB!

(THIRTY MILLION BUCKS!)... OH... YES, SURE! GO AHEAD, DAFFY! ... DON'T KNOCK TOO MUCH WEIGHT OFF THOSE BLIMPS YOU CALL PUPILS, ALL IN ONE DAY!



LATER... WHILE DAFFY IS INSTRUCTING HER CLASS...



ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR----



THIS TELEGRAM CAME FOR YOU, DAFFY!

A TELEGRAM! FOR ME? OH, MY GOODNESS!



DAFFY DILL  
BILL DUDD GYM ... CITY ... 245 ... 667 URL.

CAN YOU COME DOWN TO VANDERAST KNOLLS AND PUT ME THROUGH YOUR COURSE STOP AM BEING MARRIED IN FEW WEEKS AND WISH TO BE SHIPSHAPE FOR WEDDING.  
COBINA VANDERAST.





COBINA VANDERAST!  
AND DEKE AND I WERE  
JUST TALKING ABOUT HER!  
THIS COURSE IS OVER IN  
TWO DAYS! I'LL GO  
DOWN THERE THEN AND  
SEE WHAT LIFE IN HIGH  
SOCIETY IS LIKE!



TWO  
DAYS  
LATER...

GOSH! IT'S DARK  
AND GLOOMY!  
I WISH I HAD  
TAKEN THE EARLIER  
TRAIN!



EEEEEEK!!  
THAT DOOR OPENED  
BY ITSELF -- JUST  
LIKE IN THE MOVIES!



**HALP!**



I'LL  
TAKE YOUR  
COAT,  
MISS!

OH... YOU MUST  
BE ONE OF THOSE  
BUTLERS! WHY  
DON'T YOU CALL  
YOUR SHOTS?



MISS VANDERAST  
EXPECTS YOU! ...  
SHE DOESN'T FEEL  
VERY WELL AFTER  
MEETING THE VANDERAST  
PHANTOM EARLIER  
THIS EVENING!

THE  
PHANTOM?



HELLO!...

OH, IT'S SO GOOD  
OF YOU TO COME! I'M  
SORRY I SEEM SO UPSET,  
BUT I SAW THE  
PHANTOM TONIGHT!



WHERE?  
HOW?

I WAS ON THE  
THIRD FLOOR OF  
THE HOUSE, PACKING  
SOME THINGS I'M  
TAKING WITH ME  
AFTER I'M  
MARRIED...



"SUDDENLY I HEARD A HOLLOW LAUGH!"

HA-A -- HA-A-A!...  
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR  
TIME, PACKING THAT  
STUFF, COBINA  
VANDERAST!

"I TURNED AROUND -- AND THERE WAS THE  
MOST HORRIBLE CREATURE I HAVE EVER SEEN!"

YOU'RE WASTING TIME  
BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER  
MARRY PERCY HARLOW! I'LL  
SEE TO THAT! VANDERAST  
WOMEN NEVER MARRY THE  
FIRST MAN THEY CHOOSE!  
HA-A-A - HA-A-A!

I SCREAMED!  
THEN I  
FAINTED!...  
WHEN I CAME  
TO, THE BUTLER  
WAS GIVING  
ME A DRINK OF  
WATER! THE  
PHANTOM WAS  
GONE!

MY  
GOODNESS!

I'M SO AFRAID!  
PERCY IS COMING  
HERE TONIGHT...  
WHAT IF THE  
PHANTOM TRIES  
TO KILL HIM?...  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO  
DO!

GOLLY! I'VE NEVER  
TANGLED WITH A  
PHANTOM BEFORE  
... BUT MAYBE WE  
CAN DO SOMETHING!  
LET'S GO DOWN-  
STAIRS AND SEE  
IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS!

PERCY,  
YOU'VE COME  
AT LAST!  
THIS IS  
MY FRIEND,  
DAFFY!

HELLO,  
MY  
DEAR!

PERCY, IT'S  
TRUE ABOUT THE  
PHANTOM! ... I  
SAW HIM!

Y-YOU D-DID?  
WH-WHAT DID  
HE SAY?

HE SAID I'D  
NEVER MARRY YOU!  
-- HE SAID IT AS  
IF HE MEANT  
TO KILL YOU!

K-KILL  
ME!...  
OHH-H !!













I MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

HE LOCKED ME OUT! LET'S SEE WHAT HE DOES NEXT!

DEKE!... GOODNESS! I WONDER WHATEVER PUT HIM UP TO THIS!

BOO-O--HOO-O-O!

PERCY IS A COWARD AND A WEAKLING! I HATE HIM! I'LL MARRY THE FIRST MAN WHO ASKS ME --JUST TO SPITE PERCY!

YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! I COULD HAVE TOLD YOU HE WAS NO GOOD!... MARRY ME! I'M A REAL MAN!

YES... I WILL -- EVEN YOU!!... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

HE'S THE PHANTOM, COBINA! THE RAT PRETENDED HE WAS THE PHANTOM SO HE'D SCARE PERCY AWAY AND BE ABLE TO MARRY YOU FOR YOUR MONEY!

WHY, DAFFY!... HOW CAN YOU THINK SUCH THINGS ABOUT ME?

YOU TWO-FACED, DOUBLE-CROSSING SKUNK! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D THROW ME OVER AND MARRY COBINA FOR HER MONEY!... I'LL SHOW YOU!

NOW BE REASONABLE, DAFFY! YOU KNOW I WAS ONLY THINKING OF ALL THE GOOD I COULD DO IN THIS WORLD WITH THAT THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS! THINK OF ALL THE POOR PEOPLE I COULD HAVE HELPED! HAVE A HEART, DAFFY! PUFF PUFF



# The JESTER

The Jester turns tragedy into comedy for the sake of law, lessons and **Laughter!**

Serious enough is Chuck Lane, the young policeman -- but his other self is the smiling, smashing **Jester!!**



**P**atrolman Lane and Detective McGinty have just come off duty...

I DON'T OFTEN GO ON BLIND DATES, MCGINTY! BECAUSE I'M GENERALLY STUCK WITH AN UGLY GIRL!

NOT THIS TIME, CHUCK! YOU CAN HAVE CELESTE, THE MAID -- BUT BRIDGET, THE COOK IS FOR ME! I GO FOR HER CHOW!



SAINTS ABOVE! THIS IS WORSE THAN A MURDER!

THEY SAID TO KNOCK AT THE KITCHEN DOOR -- WAIT! --- LISTEN!



JUST WHEN THAT NICE MCGINTY WAS COMIN', TOO! A TRAGEDY LIKE THIS!

SO LONG, MCGINTY! IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A PLEASANT EVENING, AFTER ALL!





# SMASH COMICS

At the cries of distress, Chuck Lane seeks privacy and becomes---

THE JESTER  
HAD BETTER LOOK  
INTO THIS!



HI, CELESTE!  
YOUNG CHUCK LANE  
WAS TO BE YOUR DATE,  
BUT HE'S KIND OF--  
DELAYED!

THANK HEAVEN  
YE'RE HERE! YE  
CAN SOLVE A  
CRIME!



CRIME?

SURE, AND IT'S  
AWFUL! A  
DREAM OF A PIE  
I BAKED FOR OUR  
RREFRRISHMENT  
-- STOLEN!



HMM...  
FIRST WE  
GOT TO SEARCH  
FOR A  
MOTIVE!

WOT EES  
ZEES  
MOTEEVE?



MOTIVE  
MEANS WHY DID  
THEY TAKE  
THE PIE?



MAYBE  
THEY TOOK  
THE PIE BECAUSE  
THEY WANTED  
TO EAT  
IT!

THE  
JESTER!



VER'  
HANDSOME,  
ZEES  
JESTAIRE!

LOOK!  
TRACKS  
LEAD FROM  
THE WINDOW  
TO THE  
FRONT OF  
THE HOUSE!



AND THE PIE  
IS ON THE  
PARLOR WINDOW  
SILL!

WAIT  
FOR  
CELESTE!





SMASH COMICS

















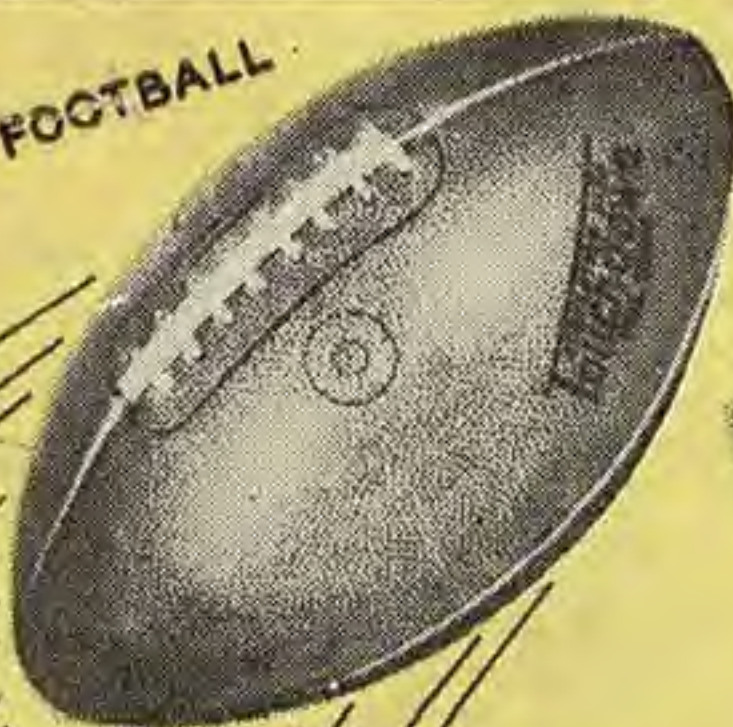




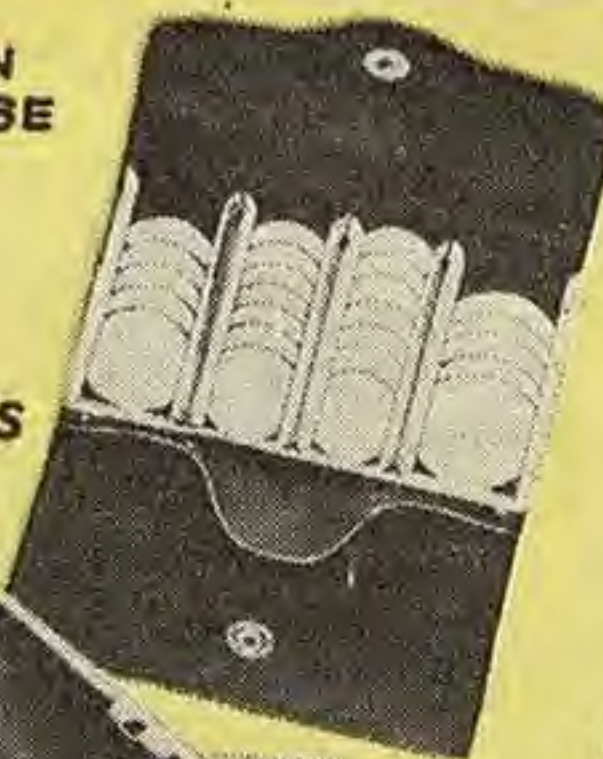
★ HERE'S NEWS! READ ALL ABOUT ★

# MONEY *and* PRIZES

FOOTBALL



COIN CASE



MODEL PLANES



FOR BOYS ONLY

FLASHLIGHT FOR WRIST



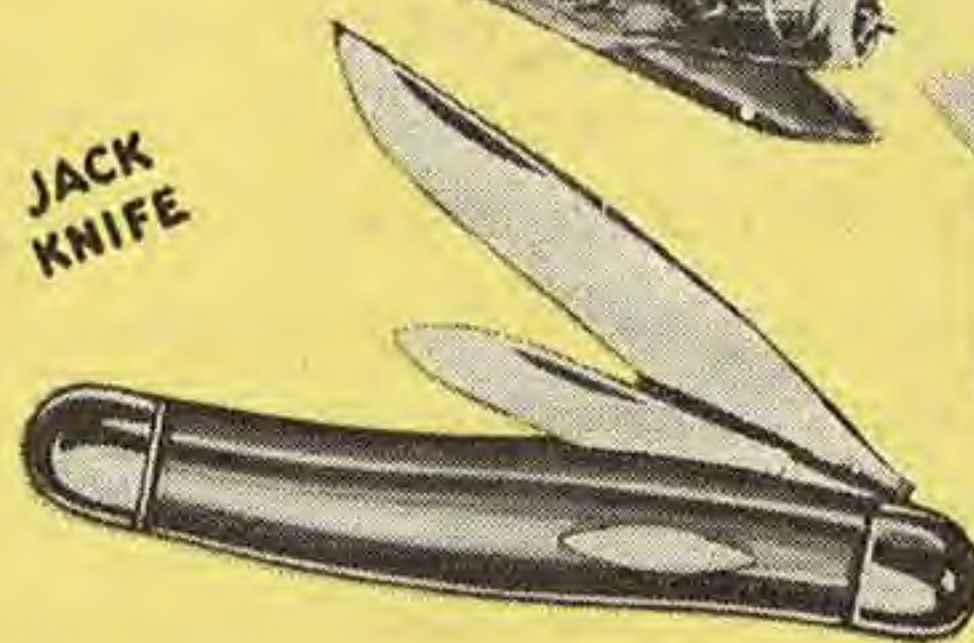
HAND AXE



STERNO STOVE



JACK KNIFE



**M**AN alive—just look at these Prizes! They're super swell! Just what every wide awake boy wants—and you can choose your own prize. Model planes to build and fly, sporting equipment, and some nifty numbers for the fellow who goes in for camping—a streamlined wrist-light, rugged hand axe or sterno stove. Every prize built to "take it". The Prizes shown here are just a few of the many you can earn in addition to a cash income. All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers you obtain in your own neighborhood. Takes only a small part of your spare time. Prizes and Profits will pile up like Magic. If you want action—write today!



**LET'S GO!**

Fill out and mail coupon at once. I'll send you my free Prize Book and start you earning Money and Prizes for delivering Collier's to customers you obtain. If you don't want to clip coupon, then write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 62, THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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WITH "TELEVISION SCREEN"



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a fake kick formation RED

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U. S. Patent Office

Around End  
and Over For a

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Less Batteries

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